

THE LANCASTER LEDGER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

ED. S. BAILEY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Two Dollars per year, if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in six months; or Three Dollars, if payment is delayed until the end of the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at seventy-five cents per square of twelve lines, for the first insertion, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. A single insertion One Dollar. Nothing will be counted less than a square.

Advertisers are requested to state, in writing on their advertisements, the number of times they wish them inserted; or they will be continued in the paper until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

The Law of Newspapers.

1. All subscribers who do not give express Notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse taking their papers from the office to which they are sent, they are held responsible till their bills are settled, and their papers ordered to be discontinued.
4. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH At this Office.

Selected Articles.

From the Olive Branch.

The way Gossips and Slanderers are Made.

Mother behold! the seed bursts forth,
"Tis what thy careless hand hath scattered."
"Yes, I consider Mrs. Way a very imprudent woman; a very imprudent woman; and I've heard say that she leads her husband a shocking life when he is at home, poor thing; it's well he's a sailor—and she so meek and modest, and delicate in company."

Little Margold—they always called the pretty Lucy Werner, Margold, because of her yellow hair, sat apparently busy attending to her doll, coaxing and scolding it, but every once in a while the careless glance of her great, eager eyes, up to her mother's face, proved that the conversation fell not on dull ears.

Presently she took the plaything and carried it into her own little room; there sitting it up against the head of the crib, she commenced after this fashion:

"Dolly, Mrs. Way is a naughty, naughty woman, and I shan't let you play with her little Caroline again. I didn't think Mrs. Way was a naughty woman, any more than our minister's wife that I told you about yesterday, because Mrs. Way always gives me nice cake and beautiful posies, and you remember, dolly, what a large piece of brain new, white, figured muslin she let me have that made you a frock and a cape, and lots of things, but then that's her *company* behavior; when you're not there, she, I'm not there she acts very badly, and I'm not sure but what she learns Carry; so, miss dolly, don't you ever let me see you going over to her house, especially without me."

The little creature, after this tirade, sat for a few moments, busy thinking, but presently her face lighted up with an eager look, and she commenced again:

"Then, dolly, there is another person that you must not go to see by any means; mamma won't let me see her, and that's the widow woman that lives in the little white cottage down by the grocery store. The folks all say, that is, mamma says, that she isn't a very good woman, and mamma says, that she shouldn't see her if she had done some dreadful bad thing some time or other. And don't you think, dolly, she only gets a cent's worth of milk; shouldn't you be ashamed to go after such a little mite? and she wears a horrid old calico dress, I don't know when it was made, but Miss Jenny said the other day it was ever so much before the flood—and in church she cries, too, sometimes, for I seen her myself; I suppose it's

because she's been so bad. Then there's the new teacher; mother don't believe but what she's very bold, because she goes out so much, with young Mr. Hartley, and because Mr. Hartley comes to our school sometimes, and she thinks Mrs. Hartley won't board her a great while longer, and I'm sure mamma won't board her, and then, dolly, it'll be so nice, she will have to leave, and there won't be any tiresome school for you and I, will there?" Then the little faced changed from gloom to gravity.

"Of dolly, don't you know how beautiful Mrs. Harper dresses when she comes to church!—well, mamma says that she isn't tidy at home; that she believes she's real dirty, because when mamma went there one day, she didn't take off her nasty, greasy apron that she'd been cooking in, but sat right down on a nice chair. And there was dust on the table, mamma said you might write on it, and the sofa was in the middle of the floor, and the broom right in the corner, and—oh! I forgot, Mrs. Lee, too, does dreadful things, dolly—oh! you wouldn't believe what dreadful things Mrs. Lee does. Mamma went there one day, and she said she was sick, but mamma told Jenny that she *knows* she'd been drinking—only think! *drinking*, dolly, Mrs. Lee's eyes were real red, and she couldn't stand up very well, and she tried to turn it off, you know, and say she was dizzy; but she wasn't dizzy, dolly, any more than you or I are dizzy; but don't you tell any body, because mamma says she wouldn't dare to say it to any one but Jenny."

Don't you pity little step-daughters, dolly? Those two little Jessup girls are step-daughters, and mamma says, for all they look so nice and neat, she don't believe but their mother—that aunt that their own mother, you know—treats them real cruel. And don't you think I asked them to go to the pond yesterday, after some lilies, and Delia said her mother always wanted her to "come right straight home after school," and the chatterbox mimicked her voice and manner.

"And then I told her it wasn't any matter, it wasn't her *real* mother, and she said she was a good, dear mother, for all that, and she wanted to mind her; but mamma says, she supposes that *crabby* Mrs. Jessup teaches them to praise her up—There dolly, what do you think of that? you ought to be thankful, as mamma tells me, that you ain't a little step-daughter."

Let's see; I can't think of any more, dolly; to-morrow aunt Sally is coming up from Denton, and then I'll hear lots about folks, and if you mind and not repeat it, I'll tell you every mite. Aunt Sally, you know, is uncle Peter's new wife, and she's real dressy, and wears all the fashions, and mamma thinks she ain't a going to like her, but she don't know, she may maybe. She was a milliner before uncle Peter married her, and it's kind of vulgar to be a milliner, but then she had lots of money. She's been married before, and her husband used to get drunk, and she's got one child that's worse than a fool, mamma says; I don't know what ails him. So do you sit there, and be a good dolly, and not go spinning street yarn like that Kate Miller, that knows every body's business but her own, if you do, I'll whip you, and put you into Mr. Baker's family; mamma says she shouldn't want to be punished worse, for it's a real—I darn't say the word, dolly, but it means a wicked place—on earth."

Parents, look round upon your delicate home-hold-vases, rarer than the costliest porcelain or the richest gold; will you drop within them, words of pollution, that shall make them but fair receptacles of all that is poisonous and loathsome, or will you fill them with gems that shall make earth bright with the light of heavenly purity?—Your children are in your hands.

THE CUBAN CONSPIRACY.—The New York Courier and Enquirer has received the second number of the new Cuban revolutionary journal, *La Voz del Pueblo Cubano*. The editors assume a bolder and more defiant tone; and avow that the sheet is printed at Guines, a town about 35 miles south of Havana; but there is said to be reason to believe that it is issued from Havana. Copies, it is alleged, have found their way even into the palace of the Captain-General, and notwithstanding the vigilance of the police no clue to the publishers has been found. In this number the Spaniards residing in Cuba are strongly prayed to make common ground with the Cubans, on the ground that they are equally oppressed. It is more than probable, it is said, that the paper is printed either in New York or New Orleans, and has never been seen in Cuba; the object being to get up another filibuster excitement in this country. —*Charleston Courier*.

Biography.

The subjoined circular we find in the Greenville Patriot. The purpose of the author, to publish a succinct biography of the neglected distinguished men of this State, should meet with general patronage, and we trust his overture to the literary gentlemen, to whom this circular will be sent, will enlist their hearty co-operation in his patriotic work:

GREENVILLE, S. C.,—1852.

Dear Sir: Perhaps no State in the Union has produced so many men eminent for genius, patriotism and learning as South Carolina; and yet it is remarkable how little we have of biographical delineation of the distinguished dead and living men who have so signally illustrated the annals of the State, and made South Carolina, although geographically one of the most smallest States in the national group, confessedly "the bright particular star" of the confederacy. With a view of rendering justice to the memory of our illustrious dead and living men of distinction, and the promotion of the honorable fame of our beloved State, it is proposed to write a very brief sketch of the history of the State, from its earliest colonization to the present time, and the lives of all her distinguished men during the same period.

The undersigned does not feel himself competent, alone, to perform this great act of patriotic duty to his native State; but, on the assurance of aid from several distinguished gentlemen in this and neighboring States, first being had, he proposes to issue, immediately thereafter, a Prospectus for a work to be entitled "Lives of Eminent South Carolinians."

To give character to and confidence in the enterprise I respectfully and earnestly beg permission to state that I have been favored with your promised assistance. If you have the kindness to assent to my request, you will greatly oblige by addressing me at this place, and by designating the lives of those it may be your pleasure to write.

It may not be amiss to add that the proposed work is expected to be comprised in one volume, octavo, of 400 or 500 pages, and to embrace the lives of a great number of persons;—that, therefore, brevity will be indispensable, and that, as editor of the book, I must necessarily reserve to myself the privilege of adding to or curtailing the contributions of my numerous friends.

In a preface to the book, proper acknowledgments will be made, and the names of those who aid me by their kindness and talent gratefully recorded. Of course the name of no contributor will be given to the public where a wish to the contrary is indicated.

Trusting, Sir, that I may be permitted to add your name to the list of those who have already thus honored me, and thereby give additional certainty to my purposed enterprise, I am, with very great respect, your obedient servant.

SAMUEL A. TOWNES.

Important from the Plains.

Terrible Massacre!—Murder of Captain Marcy's Command by the Camanches.

The Fort Smith (Ark.) Herald, of the 17th ult., has the following important intelligence:

"Two expresses arrived in this city to Col. Wilson, Commander of the Fort, one from Fort Arbuckle, the other from Fort Washita, on Wednesday evening last, bringing the melancholy and distressing intelligence of the destruction of the expedition to the head-waters of Red River, and murder of Capt. Marcy and the whole of his command about 80 men."

"It appears that a Waco chief came into Fort Arbuckle a few days ago, and stated that when out on the plains with his band of Indians, about twenty days travel from Arbuckle, a Company of Camanches and Kioways came into his camp, some of them dressed in soldiers' clothes, and others with bayonets fastened to sticks, and other articles he knew belonged to troops, and that they stated to him that as the Camanches were on their way to attack the post on the Brazos, they came across Capt. Marcy's expedition, and when they discovered him, they went into his camp, and he gave them presents, and then left."

"At night, the Indians succeeded in getting up a stampede among the horses and mules and ran them off, after which about 6 o'clock, or about daylight, they attacked the command there being about 2,000 Indians and fought all that day, and the next day they succeeded in killing off the whole company. It is also reported by the same chief that the Camanches intend attacking Fort Arbuckle and the posts on the Brazos. He says that he escaped by giving up all the peltries, &c., that he had, and was glad to get off by that means. The Wacos live in the neighborhood of Fort Arbuckle, and the officers at that post place full confidence in the report."

"The expresses sent in from Arbuckle and Washita show plainly that an attack is apprehended. Indeed, reports of the gathering of the Camanches in a body, and their determination to attack the whites, have been frequent in this place for the last four or five months, and it accords with the statement made by Col. Humphries of Fort Washita, who went out some time ago to trade with them, and was robbed by them, his companions murdered, and he barely made his escape; an account of which was published in the Herald two weeks ago."

"If this report proves to be true, and there appears to be not much room to doubt it, an Indian war is inevitable. There

must be a combination of all the wild tribes that roam over the prairies and through the mountains of New Mexico. The real strength of these Indians is not known, and when combined will present a formidable force that the United States will find very hard to subdue. The prairies west will afford the Indians means of avoiding troops as intricate as the hammocks of Florida. They extend for hundreds of miles, and in many places are nothing but a sandy plain, upon which man nor beast can find subsistence, being generally destitute of water. The Indians are acquainted with the prairies, and know every hiding place for retreat, most of them being inaccessible to the whites."

"There is but one regiment of troops on the Brazos, and that regiment having only half its complement of men, divided into two posts, some distance apart, and are, therefore, in no situation to meet a large and formidable band of Indians, and are so far from the white settlements as to be able to get no aid from that quarter."

"The lives of hundreds of soldiers and citizens are sacrificed upon our frontiers annually, in consequence of the paucity of our Government. Instead of sending Capt. Marcy out with sixty or eighty men, he should have had about three hundred, as the importance of the expedition demanded it, the country being unexplored and unknown, and filled with bands of marauding Indians, who make murder and robbery a business."

"We regret exceedingly the loss of so many valuable lives, and we are led to mourn over the sad fate of Capt. Marcy, an intimate friend, and an enterprising high-minded officer of the army, and Dr. G. G. Shumard, an amiable and respectable physician of our city; also Capt. Strain of Fort Uchita, and Mr. J. R. Suddam of New-York, who accompanied the expedition for pleasure, beside others of less note, but whose loss to their friends will be nothing less than that account, and will fill their hearts with sadness and grief."

"An express left here on Thursday morning for Little Rock, with despatches from the commander of this post, for Washington City."

Randolph B. Marcy was, we perceive from the *Blue Book*, a native of Massachusetts, and a captain in the Fifth Regiment of Infantry. The *N. Y. Evening Post* states that he was about forty years of age, and that he was among the most gallant officers of the little force that won the first battles on the Rio Grande under General Taylor, and being wounded at Resaca de la Palma, he was placed on recruiting duty in Pennsylvania. After the war he was ordered to the Indian frontier, and was entrusted by Government with the arduous duty of commanding an escort to Santa Fe, and exploring a new route to that place; a service which he performed with great credit. Several other tasks of delicacy were executed by him to the entire satisfaction of the Department. His last orders were to command an expedition to select a site and establish a fort on the remote southwestern frontier, and it is in this service he has fallen. He leaves a widow, who is at one of the distant military stations, and several children. —*Courier*.

The Dreadful Calamity on the Hudson River—Burning of the Steamer Henry Clay—Melancholy Loss of Life—Many Passengers Missing—Heart-Rendering Scenes—The Finale of a Race.

The subjoined details of the criminal and terrible steamboat disaster—the burning of the *Henry Clay* on the Hudson river on Wednesday, which seems to have been the result of most wanton and reckless racing—we copy from the New-York Daily Times of Thursday morning:

The steamer *Henry Clay* and *Armenia* left Albany 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning for New-York, the latter a little ahead, each crowded with passengers, the former having between four and five hundred on board. It is stated that the boats commenced racing from the start—the boats belonging, of course, to rival lines. All the landings were missed, in the eagerness of the race, until Hudson was reached. Here the *Armenia* made the landing first, and the *Henry Clay* was obliged to wait until her rival's departure, before she could get to the dock. The *Armenia*, of course, again got the start, taking the west channel of the river. Her competitor followed on the east side of the river—the channels being separated for some distance by a grassy flat. When the boats reached the lower end of this flat, they were about abreast of each other, each striving to make the next landing (Kingston), we should suppose it to be from the description ahead of the other. The *Armenia*, it will be seen, was nearest the shore on which Kingston is situated. The *Clay*, however, crowded her so hard that they came in collision, and ran side by side for some distance, the wheel house of the *Armenia* sustaining, meantime, considerable damage.

The passengers, with the exception of a reckless few, had exhibited much alarm during the entire passage thus far, apprehending some fatal result to the hazardous race. When the boats came in collision, their alarm increased so much that several ladies fainted, and many others gave expression to their fears in loud cries and tears. It is proper to state here, that Capt. Tallman was confined to his room by sickness, and did not assume command at all. Also, that Thos. Collyer, one of the owners of the boat was on board. We are told that, after the collision, four gentlemen went to the persons who were

in command, stating the consternation of the ladies, and remonstrating against the fearful risk to which the passengers were being subjected, and begging that the race should cease.

At this time the heat in the vicinity of the engine and boiler rooms was so great that it had become almost impossible to pass from one end of the vessel to the other. The fact was mentioned as an evidence of the hazardous efforts that were making to secure a fruitless victory, at the expense of the comfort if not the lives of all on board. The remonstrances were unavailing. The reply was that the boat was getting along very well, and that there was no danger to be apprehended. The race accordingly continued; the *Henry Clay* succeeding, finally, in crowding her competitor so near the shore that she was compelled to drop astern, in order to keep from running aground. The *Clay* made good the landing, took on board the few passengers in waiting, and secured the few dollars charged for their fare. At what price the paltry sum was obtained, the melancholy sequel will show.

As may be supposed, the feelings of those on board—a large majority of them ladies, many of whom were without protectors—had by this time become so excited, that few were prepared to act with presence of mind in the dread emergency in which they were soon to be plunged.—The *Henry Clay* maintained her vantage, and came through the Highlands a short distance ahead of the *Armenia*. Emerging from that narrow passage, the latter fell rapidly astern of the *Clay*, which passed Sing Sing some four miles ahead. In the meantime dinner had been served, and the passengers were grouped on the main and promenade decks, somewhat reassured, now that the boats were so far separated.

At about quarter before 3 o'clock, just after passing the village of Yonkers, the thrilling cry of "Fire!" resounded from the centre of the vessel. A glance towards the engine-room showed a column of smoke pouring up from one of the hatches. Almost simultaneously, the flames leaped from the hold near the boiler rooms, and in less than one minute the entire vicinity of the machinery was enveloped in flames, cutting off all communication between forward and aft. A western steamboat captain, who was on board, expressed his conviction that tar, rosin or some other highly inflammable matter must have been in use in the boiler room for fuel, as wood—even heated as was every part of the vessel near the machinery by the unusual fires of the day—could not, by any possibility, have ignited and raised a dense wall of flame in the few seconds which elapsed after the first alarm, and before communication fore and aft, was cut off. This testimony is confirmed by other gentlemen with whom we conversed.

Panic and confusion now assumed the reins. The realization of the gloomy forebodings of the morning seemed to be at hand. Men, women and children were thrown into an alarming state of confusion. Ladies were calling upon their husbands for succor; mothers clasped their children to their bosoms with the energy of despair as they retreated from the rapidly spreading destruction. Husbands who were on the forward deck, strove in vain to reach their partners, left but a moment before in the after-saloon. Groans, cries, shrieks, imprecations and prayers were mingled in mournful chorus. From the instant that the fire was discovered, despair seemed to settle upon the hearts of a large portion of the passengers, and shut out from view altogether the hope calculated to induce self-possession and effectual efforts for safety.

A cry for the "boats" was raised; but no boats could be found. We cannot ascertain that a single yawl or life-boat was on board the steamer. If there was one such, we are assured that none was brought in use. Nor can we learn that there was any effective apparatus on board with which to extinguish a fire. At all events, every effort to save the vessel became so utterly hopeless, within five minutes after the flames broke out, that it was abandoned, and the steamer's head was turned towards the east bank of the river in order to run ashore. The necessity for this movement at the earliest moment was fully apparent. Already were the wheel-houses wrapped in flames, the engines had been driven from their posts, and the devastating element fanned by a stiff south wind, was sweeping rapidly towards the after saloon, where the greater number of the passengers were located. The dense volume of smoke, too, was blown directly aft, laden with burning cinders, and subjecting them to imminent danger of suffocation.

In the meantime, the despairing shrieks for help appeared to be redoubled. It was instinctively seen that, as the steamer would strike the shore bow on, there being no communication from aft to forward, even the approach to the river's bank gave but little hope to the helpless women and children who were astern. And there they stood, the young and the old, battling, inch by inch, with the flame, suffering a thousand deaths in the terrible struggle for life, until the vessel struck, leaving those who were aft, some 250 or 300 feet from the shore. At this time, it is estimated, there were nearly 300 persons huddled together on the after guards, hesitating in agony or terror, whether to meet death by the flame or the flood—these dread alternatives, apparently, being the only better choice.

The place where the steamer struck is on the river bank, two and a half miles below Yonkers. No boats were to be had there of any description. The *Armenia*, bore rapidly down, and sent out her boats, as also did a number of sailing vessels which were near; but at least a quarter of

an hour elapsed after the *Clay* struck, ere any assistance came. In the meantime, the panic-stricken unfortunates had nearly all been forced over the stern into the water, where many of them sustained themselves by swimming, or by the aid of a few floating boards, until rescued from their perilous condition. Others, clung to the guards of the vessel with the energy of desperation. The rudder and steering gear furnished temporary safety to others. A number succeeded in getting hold of the braces on the under side of the guards, and the vessel tilted down into the water, and sustained themselves by it until aid reached them; fortunately before the line, which was on fire, had become too weak to support them. But many others, jumped frantically into the water, and sank to rise no more. A gentleman who was forward, and who got on shore soon after the vessel struck, says that not one of a number of ladies—some with children in their arms—whom he saw jump from the larboard side, were saved. He expresses the conviction that some fifty or sixty lives, at least, were lost. We wish we could add that but little reliance could be placed on his statements; but of all those with whom we conversed, he seemed the calmest and most likely to be well informed.

We heard of but one person who is supposed to have been burned to death; one child we are told, was seen to fall beneath the flames in the after saloon. A Mr. Way, of Wellesville, Ohio, was among the passengers. When the *Clay* first struck he swam ashore, procured a raft of several loose boards, and returned to save his wife. The drowning creatures about him, in their struggles for safety, broke up his raft, and compelled him to abandon it. The loose boards sustained quite a number of the sufferers above water until help came. Mr. Way got under the steamer's guard again, and sustained his wife and two other ladies until the small boats came up.

Before the Engineer (Mr. Jacob Zimmerman) was compelled to leave his post, he arranged the valve properly, and left the machinery in full motion. The engine worked well until the vessel struck, when the machinery stopped with a crash, probably from the giving away of the timbers supporting it. When the engineer and firemen reached the forward deck, they felt overpowered by the heat and suffocation to which they had been subjected.

THE INJURED AND THE DEAD.
No accurate statement of the number who perished can now be given. No list of passengers was taken by the clerk; and of course many of those who lost their lives cannot be known until their bodies are recovered. There were quite a number of passengers on board from the West, several of them from Pittsburg. The latter, we understand, were all saved. There were many gentlemen who were returning with their families from Saratoga and other watering places, some of whom are known to be missing, although those who report the fact are unable to give any clue to their names or homes.
One lady is said to have been drowned, whose husband does business at No. 69 Pearl-street. She had with her a little boy who was rescued, and whose piteous moanings for the fond mother, so rudely snatched from him, were truly heart-rending.

A resident of Chicago, named Adam Murry, was on board with his wife and one child. All three of them jumped into the water together. The husband was rescued alive, but nearly exhausted. The child was found dead soon after, and brought to the depot of the Hudson River railroad, where it was recognized last evening by the father (Mr. Murry). The body of the mother had not been found when we left. She is about five feet five inches in height; 30 years of age, and is attired in a chamber gown dress, black bonnet, light shoes, and had on her person a gold watch and chain, one diamond ring, one wedding ring, and another gold ring.

The body of a male child, neatly dressed, was taken out of the water dead, and brought to the city. The remains were placed in a private room over the Hudson River Railroad Depot. They had not been recognized up to a late hour last night.

The body of a man was also taken out of the water, and recognized as that of Mrs. H. Whitlock, a resident of New-York.

A highly respectable resident of Montpelier, Vt., by the name of Stoddard B. Collyer, was on board the steamer with his wife. Both leaped into the river; and the unfortunate lady was drowned. Her husband was saved. Last night the body of Mrs. Collyer was grappled up and brought to the railroad depot, where it was identified by the mourning husband.

Mr. S. B. Bancroft, of Philadelphia, was on the afterdeck of the steamer in company with his lady, who held hold of his arm when they both jumped overboard. Mr. Bancroft was saved, but his wife was drowned. Her remains were recovered last night and recognized by the afflicted husband.

A resident of Laurel Hill, New Jersey, named L. S. Haskell, was also on board with his lady. She was drowned while he was rescued from a watery grave. The remains of Mrs. H. were recovered from the water last evening, and brought to the city in the 9 o'clock train.

John L. Thompson, Esq., of Lancaster, Pa., lost his wife and two children. Himself, one child and nurse were saved. Mr. Thompson holds an official station in the State of Pennsylvania, and was just returning with his family from a Northern tour.

Miss Mary Rhodes, residing in the city of Brooklyn, was rescued from the water, with serious burns about her face and breast. She was placed on board the steamer *Armenia*, and brought to the city. Miss Tucker, of Milledgeville, Ga., was also seriously injured, and brought to New York in the steamer.

Willis B. Prescott and his son John W., of La., were seriously injured, and taken on board of the steamer *Armenia*. James J. Jessup, the clerk of the steamer, was in the water, and had a narrow escape of his life. Mr. Jessup states that he had no record of the names of the passengers, and further, that all the books, documents and monies in the office were lost.

Captain J. F. Tallman, Commander of the *Henry Clay*, was on board laboring under a severe illness. In his efforts to save others, after the fire broke out, he was in the water a long time, and when taken out was unable to speak. He was brought to the city in the *Armenia*. It is feared that he will not recover.

The principal pilot of the ill-fated steamer had his life in the wheel house, where she remained until the vessel struck, when he caught hold of her and jumped upon the shore.

A planter, named Edward Cooper, residing at Memphis, Tenn., was overboard, and being an excellent swimmer, he rescued several females, and then saved himself.

An incident worthy of note occurred at the time of the panic. A gallant young man named Edwards, who was on the taffrail, aft, observing a young lady in great danger from the fire, exclaimed, "Will you go with me into the water and the risk of being drowned, or will you be burnt to death?" The female accepted the noble offer, and both were saved.

James Smiley, a resident of New-York, is believed to have gone on board of the *Henry Clay* at Albany, and up to a late hour last night he had not been heard of. There are many men and women missing by their friends, who were on board the *Henry Clay* together, and as a large lot of baggage has been found without owners, we here give a few names and initials on the trucks:

Black trunk marked M. A. F., Wilmington, N. C.; do, do, J. C. Brougham, Detroit, do, E. W.; do, do, O. Fennell, Wilmington, N. C.; do, do, I. D., do, do, Miss H. Clements, Wilmington, do, do, E. F. Parker, Vermont; white russet trunk, Miss Moore, Memphis, Tenn.; black trunk, L. E. B., Wilmington, N. C.; hand box, Wm. J. Pease, New York; black trunk, J. C.

In addition to the above baggage, there is a large lot at the steam boat office, No. 202 West-street, which has not been claimed, and the owners are supposed to be either among the dead recovered, or those who have not been found.

LIST OF THE DEAD.

The following are the names of those upon whom an inquest was held:
Mrs. Harriet E. Collyer, aged 32, wife of T. E. Collyer, of Montpelier, Vt.
Mrs. Elizabeth Hillman, of Troy, N. Y.
Mrs. Emily Bancroft, aged 55, wife of Stacey B. Bancroft, dry goods merchant, of Philadelphia.
Mrs. Anthony Robinson and daughter, of Perry-street, New York.
Mrs. Owen Fennell, of Wilmington, N. C.

An Irish lad who was near the pilot house, is missing, supposed drowned.

A. G. Downing, editor of the Horticulturalist, Newbury, missing.

Mrs. G. W. Smiths, of Eldridge-street, New York, lost two children; the body of one of them, a boy, about two and a half years old, has been found and identified.

Mr. G. F. Whitlock, house agent, No. 96 Allen-street, drowned; on his body was found a portemonnaie, gold watch, pencil case, &c.

A light flaxen haired child, wearing a Bloomer suit, name unknown, standing on the after deck, was burnt.

Mrs. Wint and daughter, of Perry-st., New York, missing.

Mrs. Bayly, wife of Professor Bayly, of West Point, and two children, were drowned. Mr. Bayly was saved.

Mr. W. F. Ray, wife and daughter, of Cincinnati, Ohio, drowned. Mr. S. W. D. Cook saved one of Mr. Ray's children, by swimming from the stem of the wreck to the shore.

IDENTITIES—THE MISSING, ETC.

Miss Moore, of Tennessee, lost her life in the following manner: It seems she was under charge of Mr. E. Cooper, of Memphis, Tennessee, who was in the after part of the boat, and the flames were rapidly approaching them, when Mr. C. placed on his body a life preserver, and jumped into the water. Thus secured from sinking, he called to Miss Moore to come from the boat, and he would conduct her to the shore; but the poor girl was too much alarmed at the water, and she could not be induced to leave the boat, and, in consequence, she was soon after enveloped in flames and smoke, and disappeared.

Professor Bartlett, of the Collegiate Institute at Poughkeepsie, is reported to have been drowned. Another statement says Mrs. Bartlett.

Stephen Allen, Esq., ex-Mayor of New York, 85 years of age, and lady, were on their return from Lebanon Springs. Mr. A. was seen by Mr. Jewett, of this city, on the deck when the boat touched the shore. Mr. J. handed him a rope, and his attention being drawn in another direction he lost sight of the old gentleman, and did not see him afterwards. Mr. Allen was a director of the Hudson River Railroad. There is very little doubt but he is among the drowned.